











**KENNEBEC & PORTLAND  
RAILROAD.**

[illegible]



# THE MAINE FARMER: AN

# AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

# NEWSPAPER.

## Poetry

### AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!  
Write love's fair epistles upon the sod,  
In my beloved's garden to the poet,  
Our everlasting King.

Come from the north Star,  
In chariot of ice and light,  
Dissolve the frozen snows that glisten white  
Beneath thy fragrant foot.

With softly on the earth,  
Thou blindest spirit of the breeze!  
Thy breath is like an incense-curtain,  
Chasing cold from the earth.

Thy virgin herald's horn—  
Thou snow-drop herald of the dawn,  
Whispering to the birds that wake,  
Trill a crystal song.

The lark now awakes,  
And fills the air with his song,  
While from his heaven-strewn throat there rings  
A charming psalm of love.

The yellow-crowned night her  
Nocturnal song forth to tender ears,  
To drink sweet music from the wind,  
Gleams of the stars and the moon.

Thou dost an anthem sing,  
When forth thy harp of melody is rung,  
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to risk the story of his love till time had destroyed  
my love for Willie. That night I passed more  
wretchedly than any night for years. Next day,  
Mr. and Mrs. Leland both talked to me, saying  
they loved me as their own child, and begged  
me to let them have my child. Though distressed  
and almost dead, I told them I could not be his  
wife; that I had loved William Halstead from a  
child, and though he had proved false, there was  
for me no second love.

I now felt that I must leave my present home,  
for I could not live under the same roof with  
George Leland. But this they would not hear,  
and I must remain and be a daughter to them in  
affection if not in name. So it was arranged, and  
I breathed more freely when he had gone.  
Then things settled back in their old way, and  
once more I was happy—no, not happy, hap-  
piness and I had parted long ago; but I was con-  
tent.

Two years had drifted away like the by-gone.  
For years I had learned much—among other  
things, to "suffer and be strong." I was no longer  
the sensitive girl that had bared her whole  
life's happiness away for love, and lost.  
I was a woman now, strong and self-reliant,  
with all an outraged woman's rampant pride to  
hold in check; all her many, many memories to  
ignore. I had fought a desperate battle with my  
own heart and came off conqueror. I had enter-  
ed my room one night, determined to destroy  
every relic of my faithless lover. Then I was to  
forget him; that was the plan. I had a picture  
of him, and a large closet in my room, to keep it from other eyes. It was like  
many of the old-fashioned closets, with shelves  
at one side and a window at the other. There  
was room for my little trinkets and whatnots,  
and I had been told to keep them there. Now  
it was different, and many long months—years,  
it had been closed and locked; like the love  
dream at my heart, it must see the light no  
more.

On the night in question, I unlocked the door  
and entered. I had determined to destroy every  
token of the wild dream that had brought me so  
near to ruin. The light from the bright fire hang-  
ing there almost maddened me. The firelight  
shone full upon it. At first it seemed to smile  
down tenderly upon me, and I thought the beau-  
tiful fire whispered, "Darling Clara!"  
Then, as I moved on, the firelight seemed to  
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## THE POISONED CUP.

### An Incident in the Life of Henry VII.

BY MARY GRACE MALINE.

The silent arena of King Henry's apartment  
was suddenly thrust aside.

The monarch started, and placed his hand upon  
his sword, for his life had been attempted more  
than once. But he smiled at this cautious fear,  
as his eyes fell upon the slight form of the in-  
truder, with his sweet, youthful face.

The young girl advanced with a timid yet  
graceful step, and sank down upon one knee.  
"What do you seek, my child?" said the king,  
looking with paternal kindness upon the face,  
which, with all its softness and delicacy of con-  
tour, had a high and daring look.

"I crave boon, sire," returned the maiden,  
obeying the motions of his hand, and rising to  
her feet—"at least not now. I have come to  
warn you of a plot against your life."

"What mean you?" cried the king, Henry VII.  
"I swear," said the king, hurriedly, raising the  
jewelled hilt of his sword to his lips as he spoke.  
"Now, go."

"You dine in state to-morrow, with the Duke  
of Bedford?"  
"That was our intention. But surely his  
grace, your good uncle, has not turned traitor to  
his king?"

"No, my knowledge, sire, yet it is there that  
death lies in wait for you! Listen to me, and  
mark my words well. The Duke of Bedford  
will observe among the servants a man, tall,  
broad-chested, and strong of limb, and with a  
look and bearing ill-befitting his garb and station.  
Unless weary of life, drink not of the cup he  
offers you. Neither forget the promise you  
made to her who has risked not her life in say-  
ing yours."

And before the king could recover from his as-  
tonishment, she was gone.

The entertainment given by the Duke of Bed-  
ford to his royal nephew was prepared with  
the splendour and magnificence due to his own  
rank and the character of his illustrious guest.  
A tournament and various of the fantastic mas-  
ques were much in vogue at the time, and were  
produced expressly for the king's amusement.

At their close the doors of the banquet hall  
were thrown open, and to the inspiring strains of  
music, King Henry entered, followed by the Duke,  
and the rest of the royal family, and a long re-  
tinue of retainers.

The table ran nearly the whole length of the  
wide and lofty hall, and was covered with every  
variety of the substantial dishes of the time and  
age.

With all the demonstrations of respect paid  
to royalty, the king was escorted to his seat, which  
was at the end of the table, and he sat down.  
Upon his left the Earl of Derby; the rest  
were seated according to their station, the lowest  
in rank taking the lowest place.

King Henry, who had been told that the Duke  
of Bedford had worn all the morning, glanced  
sharply around the hall, where the serving-men  
were ranged at regular intervals. He started as  
his eye fell upon a stalwart man, who wore in his  
brow a gleaming golden sword, upon which was  
a silver cup.

"Who is that, my lord duke?" he exclaimed.  
"By Jove! but he looks more used to handling  
the sword than the wine," said the Duke of Bed-  
ford; upon his left the Earl of Derby; the rest  
were seated according to their station, the lowest  
in rank taking the lowest place.

"I know not, your majesty," returned the  
Duke. "He is a stranger, who, for the day takes  
the place of my faithful butler Hubert, who is  
sick."

Just at this instant the man approached them.  
According to custom, he presented the cup he  
bore, and which was filled with a compound of  
milk, honey, and spices, then he bowed, and  
retired. The Duke, who gave it with his own  
hands to the king.

Henry took the cup, and keeping his eyes fixed  
steadily upon the man's countenance, raised it  
to his lips. Only a keen observer could have  
detected the gleam of triumph that shot  
from beneath the drooping lashes, but it was not  
noticed by him. Removing the cup, he turned  
toward the Duke, and said, "Will it please your  
grace to receive this from  
the faithful and zealous service you have rendered  
us?"

The Duke's face flashed with gratified pride;  
for to be thus publicly served by his sovereign,  
and with such kind and gracious words, was a  
high honor. He bowed, and then, with a low  
bow, he retired. Henry, who was looking at him  
with a keen eye, said, "With many thanks, my  
liege," he said, tak-  
ing the cup, as he spoke. "God save King Hen-  
ry!"

Unsuspecting of evil, he would have drained it  
at a draught, had not the king, whose counte-  
nance instantly cleared, laid his hand upon his  
arm, and said, "Nay, my good uncle, 'your will-  
ingness to oblige me is enough.'"  
"It is my royal pleasure," he added, "that the  
bearer of this cup shall drink of it to the con-  
fusion of the enemies of our crown and person!"  
King Henry sprang to his feet, and, with a  
glance at the Duke, he said, "I will not touch  
the cup, but I will drink of it to the confusion  
of the enemies of our crown and person!"

## THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

### GRIERSON'S EXPEDITION.

Great Cavalry Operations in the Southwest.

NEW ORLEANS, May 9.

Since the departure of the Columbia we have  
abundance of news; the most exciting, however,  
is the arrival at Baton Rouge of the 6th and 7th  
Illinois regiments. The 6th Illinois, which  
was the first to leave the State, had a long  
journey through the whole length of Mississippi.  
They started from La Grange, Tenn., on the  
morning of the 17th ult., and reached Baton  
Rouge on the 21st of May, after a march of  
thirty miles, and a journey of sixteen days. They  
made a zigzag course through the State, sometimes  
striking east, sometimes west, but pushing  
the whole time. In this way they traveled  
eight miles in 28 hours, had three encounters  
with the enemy, destroyed two bridges, rode  
up the Mississippi river, and were now at  
Baton Rouge, where they were met by the 7th  
Illinois cavalry, Col. Ed. Prince.

And before the king could recover from his as-  
tonishment, she was gone.

The Duke's face flashed with gratified pride;  
for to be thus publicly served by his sovereign,  
and with such kind and gracious words, was a  
high honor. He bowed, and then, with a low  
bow, he retired. Henry, who was looking at him  
with a keen eye, said, "With many thanks, my  
liege," he said, tak-  
ing the cup, as he spoke. "God save King Hen-  
ry!"

Unsuspecting of evil, he would have drained it  
at a draught, had not the king, whose counte-  
nance instantly cleared, laid his hand upon his  
arm, and said, "Nay, my good uncle, 'your will-  
ingness to oblige me is enough.'"  
"It is my royal pleasure," he added, "that the  
bearer of this cup shall drink of it to the con-  
fusion of the enemies of our crown and person!"  
King Henry sprang to his feet, and, with a  
glance at the Duke, he said, "I will not touch  
the cup, but I will drink of it to the confusion  
of the enemies of our crown and person!"

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glance at the Duke, he said, "I will